People in every walk of life have bad backs. Kidneys go

wrong and the back be gins to ache. Cure sick 7 kidneys and as

backache quickly dis appears.

Read this testimony

and learn how it can be done. A. A. Boyce, a farmer living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I was unfit for anything. Mrs. Boyce noticed Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a sure cure for just such conditions, and one day when in Treaton she brought a box home from Chas. A. Foster's drug store. I followed the directions carefully when taking them and I must say I was more than surprised and much more gratified to notice the

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Boyce will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

backache disappearing gradually, until

it finally stopped."

THE GOAT AND THE PLUG.

Old Darkey Was Satisfied the Animal Could Read.

Three colored men were discussing the intelligence of different animals. One claimed that the dog knew more than all other animals put together. The horse was favored by a second man, but old Peter Jackson said that, 'in my opinion de goat am de 'telligentest criter livin'. I kin prove dat de goat kin read. I saw him do it, an' I know it am true. Several days ago, I wuz walkin' down street, dressed in mah best suit ob clothes, an' wearin' mah new plug hat. When I got down on de main street I seed a billboa'd on which it said, "Chew Jackson's plug.' A goat wuz standin' thar when I passed, an' when I wuz about ten feet away he must hab recpenized me, for de next thing I knew I went sailin' out in de mud. When I looked 'roun', dat goat wuz chewin' mah plug hat for all he wuz worth. Gem'men, da is no question in mah mind about de 'telligence ob de goat. He am a wondah."

Had to Pay to Find Out.

At one of the New York theaters they are playing a piece called "A Fool and His Money." A preacher from Wisconsin was visiting Gotham last week and in passing the theater one evening was curious to know if the play conveyed the proverbial lesson suggested by its title. Stepping up to the box office, he inquired regarding the matter. "I think," said the scave party behind the grating, "that the moral of the piece is that the fool and his money gather no moss. It will cost you \$2 to find out exactly." The preacher murmured "Thank you" and withdrew. He tells

Inspecting American Railroads.

J. T. Tatlow, John Wharton, George Banks, F. T. Dale and H. O'Brien, officials of the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway of England, are in this country and will make extended inspection of American railroads. They have been viewing things in several eastern cities and will shortly vist Chicago. They represent the mechanical, freight and passenger departments of the Lancashire and

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The Coming Man.

"Mrs. Frisble is suing her husband for divorce" "Indeed? What is the trouble?" "Well, she says she tried not to mind when Mr. Frishie used her curing irons, wore her shirt-waists and borrowed her collar buttons. But when he began to go through her pockets and extract her small change after she was asleep she felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue."-Brooklyn Eagle.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c

It may be hard for some people to be poor, but for orthers it is the easiest of his guards, rode at an easy canter thing in the world.

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time to take his bust measure. ARE YOUR CLOTHES PADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 or. package, 5 cents.

When a man gets full it is a good

No woman should laugh at a "joke" on her husband.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years are - Mrs. Thos. Rossius, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The Shield of Faith.

The shield of faith will not fit the back.—Ram's Horn.

THE LION'S WHELP

A Story of Cromwell's Time

BY AMELIA E. BARR. Author of "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "I, Thou and the Other One," "The Maid of Maiden Lane," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

For Matilda had concealed every months. fault and every unkindness by her Neville, and Jane had been loving and praising her for it, until the sweetness of their first affection was between them. And Matilda enjoyed praise; she liked the appreciation of her kind deed, and was not therefore disposed to make light or little of what she had done, or of its results.

"And, pray, how comes my lord on towards recovery?"

"Slowly. Life was nearly gone; body and mind were at death's door; but he can walk a little now, and in two or three weeks we are going away,-far away,-we are going to my brothers in the Massachusetts colony.

'You will come back?" "I think it is unlikely. Father feels a change approaching. The Protector's thought it well to take him to see the health is failing rapidly; he is dying, Matilda.

"If he dies?---" Father will leave England as soon

as Cromwell is in his grave. Cymlin will keep old Swaffham fair, for Cymlin will never leave England while you are in it." "And you can bear to talk of leav-

ing England in that calm way, without tears and without regrets. Jane, it is shameful; it is really wicked."

'Dear Matilda, do not be angry at me because I had to do what I had to do. I was married to Cluny three days after he came home. We all thought he was going to die, and he wished me to be his wife. Now did I how, he wished?"

"Yes," she answered, but her face affected. "Jane, I cannot bear to lose brings.

home for many weeks, perhaps A recent experience had proven the necessity for this exclusprompt action in the matter of Lord | ion of strange elements. Early in June, Israel had taken Cluny to bid farewell to his old General, and the meeting had tried both men severely. At its close Cromwell went to a desk and wrote a few lines to the officials of the Massachusetts Colony; in them, commending Lord Neville to their kindness and care. His hands trembled-those large, strong hands-trembled as he gave the letter to Cluny. Then he kissed him once more, and with a "Farewell" that was a blessing. he turned away, weeping.

"It is another friend gone," he said mournfully to his own heart: "lover and friend are put far from me and mine acquaintance into darkness."

Cluny was so much troubled and affected by this visit that Isrnel ship which was to carry him to the solitudes of the great waters and the safety of the New Yorld. He was impatient to be gone, but there were yet a number of small interests to be attended to; for they were to carry with them a great deal of material necessary to the building and furnishing of their future home. Every day revealed some new want not before thought of, so that it was nearing the end of June when at last all was declared finished and ready.

Then Jane hastened home. solving to see Mattida on the following day. But when she reached Sandy's House, Mrs. Swaffham met her with a letter in her hand-"Lady not do right to marry him when and Jevery asks you to come to Matilda.

who is in great trouble,' she said. So Jane went to her friend. With and voice showed her to be painfully her, also, she found the grief death



Jane knew how to comfort Matilda.

you. I shall have no one to love me. ; no one to quarrel with," she added.

"You will have Cymlin." married, all is over."

Then Jane rose to go, and Matilda she asked, "in a duel?" tied her bonnet strings and straightened out her ribbons and her gloves, Jane's heart with pleasure. "Goodwill come as often as I can.'

"Very kind of you, Lady Neville," answered Matilda with a curtsy and a tearful mockery; "very kind indeed! But will your ladyship considerthen she broke down and threw her arms round Jane, and called her "a dear, sweet, little Baggage" and bade her give Cluny some messages of hope and congratutation, and so parted with her in a strange access of affection. But true friendsnip has these moods of the individual and would not

be true without them. Jane walked home through the city, and its busy turmou struck her as never before. What a vain show it was! A passing show, constantly changing. And suddenly there was could die also," the galloping of borsemen, and the crowd stood still, and drew a little aside, while Cromwell, at the head or time. down the street. Every man bared his head as the grand, soldierly figure passed by. He saw Jane, and a swift stalle chased away for a moment the left behind him a penetrating atmosphere of coming calamity. His glorious life was closing like a brilliant last Earl and Countess de Wick."

sun setting in a stormy sky. The lifteenth of May had been set for his assassination. Cromwell knew awakened. all the secret plans of this copypiracy; knew every member of it; and on the afternoon when June Swaffham saw him passing up London streets, so Cymlin will be a barrier sacred to stern and scornful, he had just order-

ed the arrest of one hundred of thems. events, but her heart had closer inter- will honor her husband, whether she Cluny and herself to America was for power and splendor, and he will lying at the wharf nearly ready for stand near the throne." sea. There were to be no other passengers; Cluny and Jane alone were | to find in its black-ribbed cabin their well is falling sick, and you may fee! legs spread seventeen inches.

"Stephen is slain!" were her first words. She could hardly utter them. But Jane knew how to comfort Ma-"Cymlin is Cymlin; he is not you. tilda; she could talk to her as she will say no more. When a woman is | could not to the ladies of Cromwell's household. "How was Stephen slain?"

"No. thank God! He fell, as he himself could have wished, fighting the doing these triffing services with a enemies of his king. He was with long-absent tenderness that filled Coade and the Dukes of York and Gloucester before Dunkirk, and was hye, dear!" she said with a kiss; "I killed while meeting the rush of those terrible Ironsides. Campy wrote me that he said 'Mother!' joyfully, with his last brenth." "Poor Stephen!"

"Oh, indeed 'tis very well to cry 'poor Stephen,' when he is beyond your pity. You might have pitied him when he was alive, that would have been something to the purpose. All his short, unhappy life has been one constant battle with Puritans and poverty. Oh, how I hate those Stuarts! I am thankful to see you can weep for him, Jane. I think you ought. knows he loved you well, and most thanklessly. And he is the last, the last de Wick. Root and branch, the de Wick tree has perished. I w'sh I

"And Cymlin, Matibia?" "I shall marry Cymlin-at the prop-

'You may have sons and daughters.' "I hope not. I pray not. I have had sorrow enough. My father and his three sons are a good ending for the It was built with the sword, sorrowful gravity of his face. But he and it has been destroyed by the sword. No. Jane, the line of de Wick his tobacco. "Have some? No? is finished. Cymlin and I will be the tiorses? Did you say horses? Well, "And Prince Rupert?"

"Is a dream from which I have

But he may stil be dreaming." "Rupert has many faults, but he is a man of honor. My marriage toboth of us. Our friendship can held itself above endearments. You need Jane heard constantly of these not fear for Cymlin; Matilda de Wick The ship which was to carry oboys him or not. Cymlin is formed

> "if there be a throne." "Of that, who now doubts? Crom-

'God save the King' in the air. If you had married Stephen, he would have been alive to join in the cry. I could weep at your obstinacy, Jane."

"Let it pass, dear. I was suckled on Puritan milk. Stephen and I never could have been one. My fate was to go to the New World. Stephen has escaped this sorrowful world and-"

"Oh, then, I would be were here! This sorrowful world with Stephen in It was a better world than it is without him. Jane, Jane, how he loved you!

"And I loved him, as a companion, friend, brother, if you will. When you lay his body in de Wick, cast a tear and a flower on his coffin for me. God give him peace!"

At length their "farewell" came. The last words between them were soft and whispered, and only those sad, loving monosyllables which are more eloquent than the most fervid protestations. And so they parted, forever in this life.

The next afternoon Jace and Cluny rode through London streets for the last time. On the ship they found Jane's father, Doctor Verity and Sir Thomas Jevery. There were no tears at this parting; nor any signs of sorrow; every one seemed resolved to regard it as a happy and hopeful event. For, though not spoken of, there was a firm belief and promise of meeting again in the future not very far off, Israel held his little daughter to his heart, and then laid her hand in Cluny's without a word; the charge was understood. the last few minutes came, and the men were trooping to the anchor. Doctor Verity raised his hands, and the three or four in the dim, small cabin knelt around him, and so their farewell was a prayer and their parting a blessing.

Israel and Doctor Verity walked away together, and for a mile neither of them spoke a word. As they came near to Sandy's, however, Israel said;

'It is a short farewell, John. wil be my turn next." "I shall go when you go."

"To the Massachusetts Colony?" 'Yes. I am ready to go when the ime comes.

"It is not far off." "A few months at the longest."

"He is very ill?"

The foundations of his life are baken, for he lives not in his power or his fame, or even in the work set him to do. No, no. Oliver lives in his feelings. They are at the bottom of his nature; all else is superstructure. And Fairfax, as well as Lambert and others, think they can fill great Oliver's place! -- no man can.

"For that very reason, when he de parts, I will away from England. I have no heart for another civil war. I will draw sword under no less a general than Oliver."

"Good night, John." Good night, Israel. Have you told

'Not yet. She will fret every day till the change comes. Why should we have a hundred frets when a dozen may do?

But when Israel went into Martha's presence something made him change his mind. The mother had been weeping, and began to weep afresh when she saw her husband. He anticipated her sorrowful questions, and with an assumption of cheerfulness, told her how happy and hopeful Jane and Cluny seemed to be. "It did not feel like a parting at all. Martha," he said, "and indeed there was no need for any such feeling. We are going surselves very soon now.

The words were spoken and could not be recalled, and he stood, in a moment, ready to face the storm they might raise. Martha looked at her husband with speechless wonder and distress, and he was more moved by this attitude than by her usual garru lous anger. He sat down by her side and took her hand saving: (To be continued.)

DUKE OF YORK SNUBBED.

Mounted Police Had Good Idea of

Their Dignity. Listening to the conversation of the

Canadian mounted police, as one encounters them everywhere in the Northwest, it is distinctly evident that they are men of a different stripe from the Tommy Atkins of the British regulars, says Leslie's Monthly. The mounted policeman is a head, not an automaton nor a flunky. This was curiously. Illustrated during the visit of the duke of York to the territories last year. As the royal train came ato one of the frontier towns two liveried outrunners dashed breathless ly to the platform, shouting excitedly for the police to "get out the royal horses!" The troopers of the university type smiled and said nothing; but one of the frontiersmen in khaki frowned and took a bite of chewing tobacco.

The two little men in royal livery became apoplectic.

Don't you men hear? Get out the horses! Who's going to get out the

The truoper in khald again calmly took consolation for the insult from don't burst your buttons. What do you think you are for? Get 'em out PROPERTY.

To Enlarge Washington University. Samuel Cupples, the St. Louis milliongire, who has just sailed for Europe, states that upon his return he intends to enlarge the Washington university and make it the largest school of engineering and technology in the world.

World's Largest Spider The largest spider in the world has been found in Sumatra. Its body is nine inches in circumference and its



Nine out of ten women are nervous-suffer-

ing in silence. Sick headache is one of the first symptoms—things go on from bad to worse until utter collapse.

Don't delay—if you have frequent head-aches that is a sure indication your stomach is wrong. Indigestion, dyspepsia, constipa-tion, liver and kidney troubles soon follow.

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hold throughout the world. Cutimen Roselven here of Chamieta Castel Pills, the per vise of the ment of Chamieta Castel Pills, the per vise of the ment of the page 10. Departs London, 15 Castend 10. 1 Verta, I Bare do to Verta Hanson, 157 Castend Piller Drang a Chem. Case, Soil Proper off Drang a Chem. Case, Soil Proper off Drang for The Great Homore Cure."

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